

X-O

issue 8

a tribute to Rampike
(1979-2015, RIP)

Featuring

Jason Camlot
Jason Christie
Helen Hajnoczky
Sheena Kalmakova
Karen Massey
Koji Nagai
bruno neiva
Philip Quinn
hiromi suzuki
Carol White
Ellen Wiener



Part 1. It Is Not

It is not an apology for acts of nihilistic violence.

It is not sickened by all this garbage.

It is not turned on by daffodils.

It is not rant nor rhetoric nor second-hand socializing.

It is not the stillborn child of the overwrought academic.

It is not empty words in which there is no risk, no personal involvement.

It is not imbedded in the human ash of death factories.

It is not trapped in old-fashioned literary postures.

It is not fancy schmancy.

It is not tragic gaiety.

It is not pastoral stoicism or despairing aestheticism.

It is not asleep.

It is not delicious archaism.

It is not *Usery*.

It is not sex.

It is not Anglicanism.

It is not limestone.

It is not a ridiculous scarecrow in a field now blackened by vultures and bats.

It is not a bedbug or a cockroach.

It is not pre-Freudian.

It is not pre-totalitarian.

It is not non-existent.

It is not a sour, boring joke!

Jason Camlot

It is not nothing to say worth listening to.

It is not archetype-crammed.

It is not the big lie of our epoch.

It is not from arbitrary gods.

It is not in the wide and lidless garbage pail of history.

It is not lost in a painted forest.

It is not in the sensitized computers.

It is not in the radiated babies.

It is not in cornstarch pudding.

It is not in the unreal domain of the nightingale.

It is not to be scraped from the fire-blackened roofs of Hamburg, Auschwitz, Hiroshima and Treblinka.

It is not excrement on floral bumpaper.

It is not the dressing on a McDonald's hamburger.

It is not a stink in the soul.

It is not ignorance or neglect.

It is not joy-hating.

It is not despair.

It is not a colorful bohemian who livens up the parties.

It is not Jack the Ripper in a small thimble.

It is not a jaded suburbanite.

It is not the gassed unwanted cats or dogs.

It is not a toad posing as a terrier or nightingale.

It is not a sipper of culture-consommé.

It is not a weak-eyed dodderer.

Jason Camlot

It is not a terrified helot.

It is not small coteries of the sensitive and frightened.

It is not Yahoos.

It is not sex-drained executives.

It is not stenographers.

It is not trade-union bosses.

It is not military leaders.

It is not second-rate presidents.

It is not hashslingers.

It is not small devils.

It is not sadists and torturers.

It is not erudite cannibals.

It is not large herds of Neolithic men and women.

It is not a bunch of squares.

It is not a noxious insect.

It is not faddish, foolish or ignorant.

It is not consolatory beautiful mouthings.

It is not clever semantic riddles.

It is not to provide profitable employment.

It does not rest upon a lie.

It does not walk warily.

It is not an abstract, ideological reason.

It is not composed by computers recovering from an alcoholic binge.

It is not decomposing bones.

Jason Camlot

It is not blabbermouthing.

It is not fiddle-faddling.

It is not breathing spasmodically.

It is not scrambling furiously to reach the top of the competitive shitpile.

It is not looking for approving signs from pedants and book-loving critics.

It is not an all-pervading gentility.

It is not a rabid anti-Americanism.

It is not vapid Olympian serenity.

It is not another sarsaparilla.

It is not canucky schmuckism.

It is not castratory.

It is not acquiescent.

It is not a small apple.

It is not an exorcism.

It is not Presbyterian.

It is not Xian.

It is not bacon-fed parochialism.

It is not menopausal.

It is not machine-tooled professionalism.

It is not bloodless scholasticism.

It is not a necrophilous nasal twang.

It is not pathetic.

It is not indiscriminate.

Jason Camlot

Part 2. It Is

It beats the taking of marijuana and lysergic acid as a coveted status symbol.

It is even more super than a beard to identify oneself as rebel and nonconformist.

It will survive the inundation of sewage rushing from the burst mains of pseudo-poetry.

It is the miraculous fusion of sound and sense.

It is from an aroused abhorrence and disgust.

It is modern Gogol.

It is modern Pushkin.

It is a stimulus for less apelike manifestations.

It is clear of poisonous weeds and polluted waters.

It is in the traffic that goes on between Appearance and Reality.

It is in the stones, bottles and bricks of a tiny Maccabean band.

It is in the joy of battle.

It is in the head, a cloud pregnant with rain.

It is in the summery ribband of stars.

It is demons.

It is friends and enemies.

It is wives and husbands.

It is pole-vaulters.

It is in raspberry bushes.

It is in reality.

It is where there are concrete objects to touch.

It is beyond the lifeless, pallid carapaces.

It is pinned on the hopes of laughter.

Jason Camlot

It is in an immense tree on the summit of a sunswept hill.

It is turned on by women.

It is laughing noxious, foolish doctrines to death.

It is imagining the worst.

It is the enormity of the filth.

It is the moment of significant change.

It is persistence of the emotional nature.

It is disagreeable and positively repulsive.

It is the wisdom tortured fellowmen need to resist the forces dragging them down into the inhuman and the bestial.

It is the organized nature of twentieth-century wickedness.

It is a broken bottle over his head.

It is free from the professors.

It is a new, dark knowledge.

It is a mysterious fact in our law-abiding, mechanical universe.

It is silent anguish.

It is seminal conflicts.

It is packing to the maximum.

It is resonant in the mind.

It is horny in the mind.

It is a Dionysian cock-and-cunt affair.

It consumes percepts on the spot.

It de-hypnotizes.

It disturbs the unreflective and smug.

It absorbs evil.

Jason Camlot

It endures from generation to generation.

It roams the streets and alleyways of the megalopoli.

It walks directly into the lives of people.

It proceeds without any intervention of the will.

It shoots down from heaven.

It blossoms like some mysterious night flower from the tip of a broomstick.

It knocks the head to make it ring like a tuning fork.

It is stretched between love and loathing.

It is poised on a rope pulled tautly between sex and death.

It dances on a tightrope.

It eats below invisible hailstones.

It sleeps in the North Pole.

It punches a rectangular space of quiet into the filthy drunken chaos.

It is going into the sunset with both pitchforks blazing.

It is about itself.

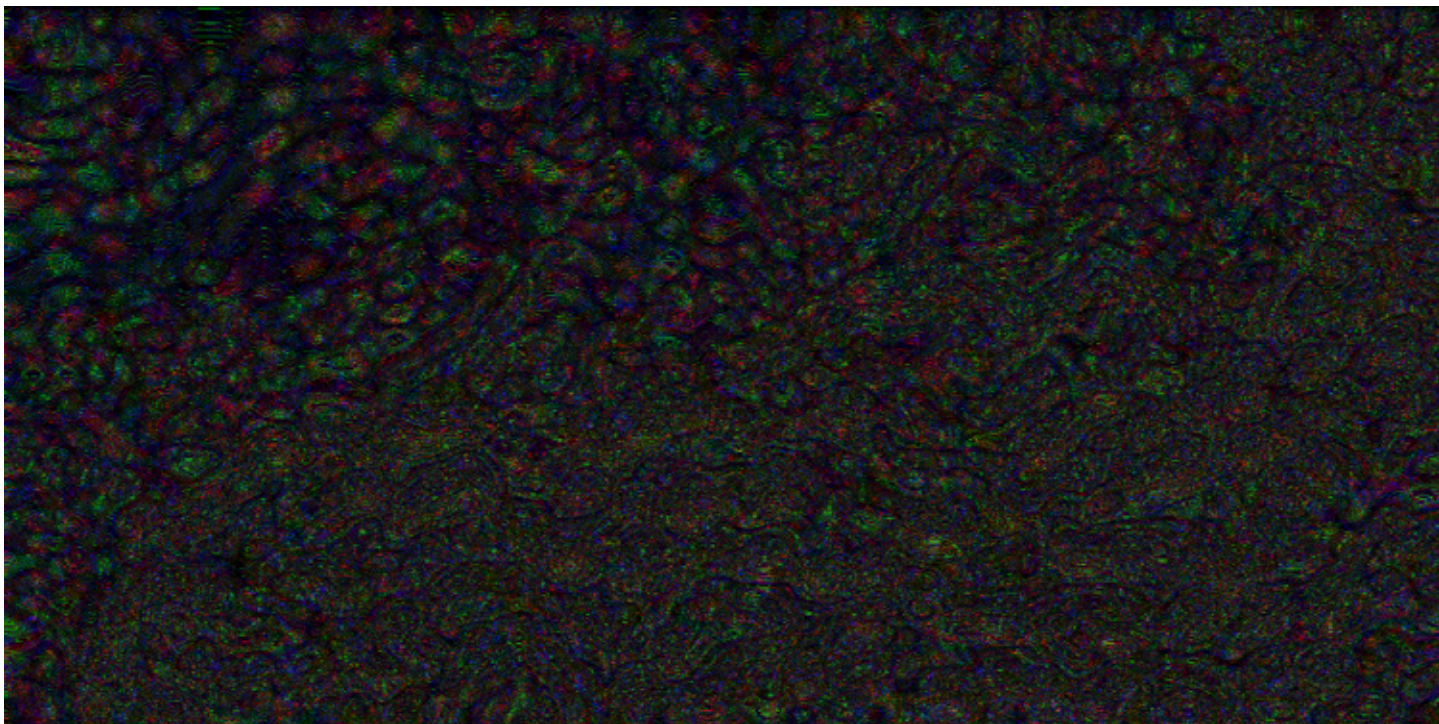
It is a Yid.

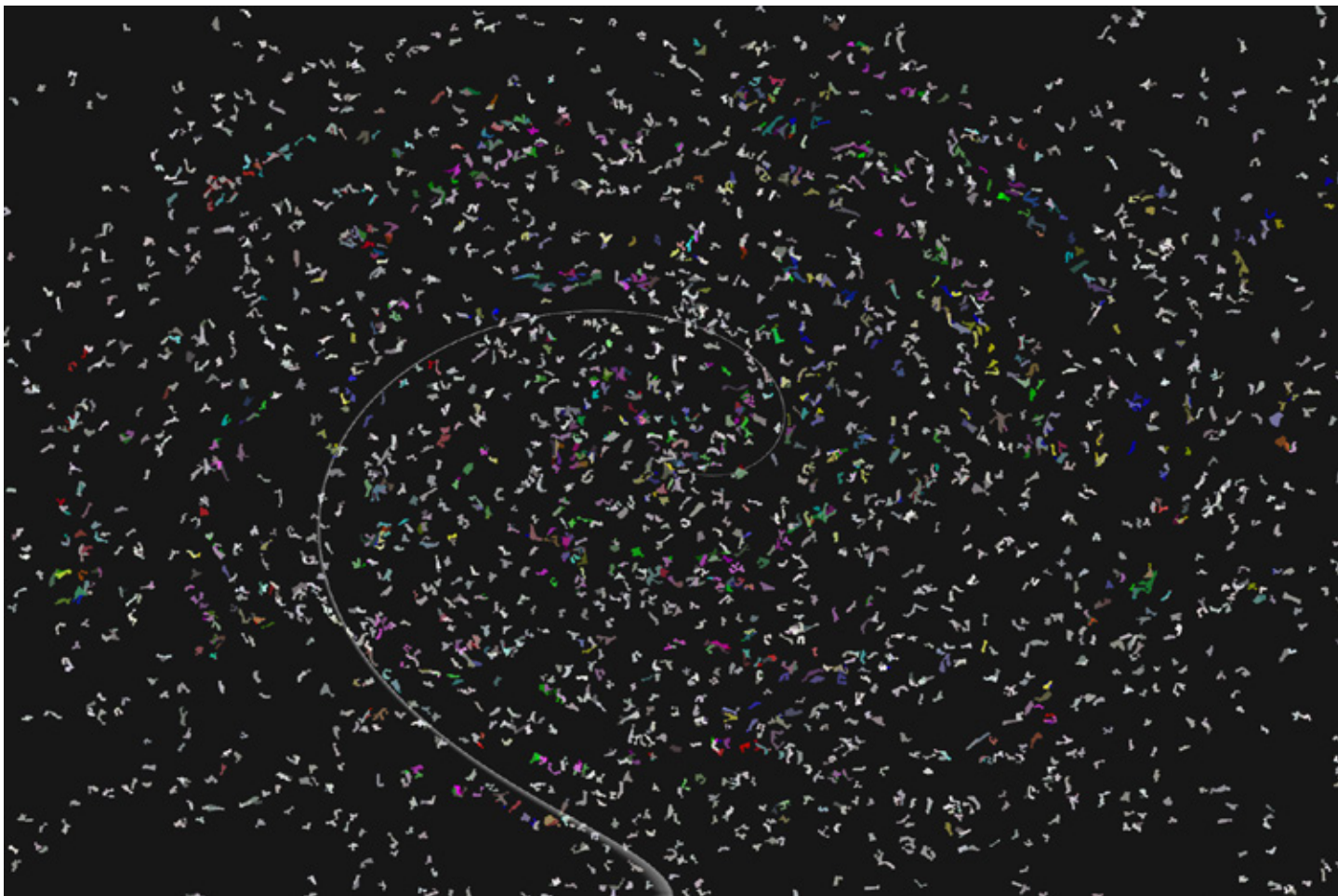
Jason Camlot

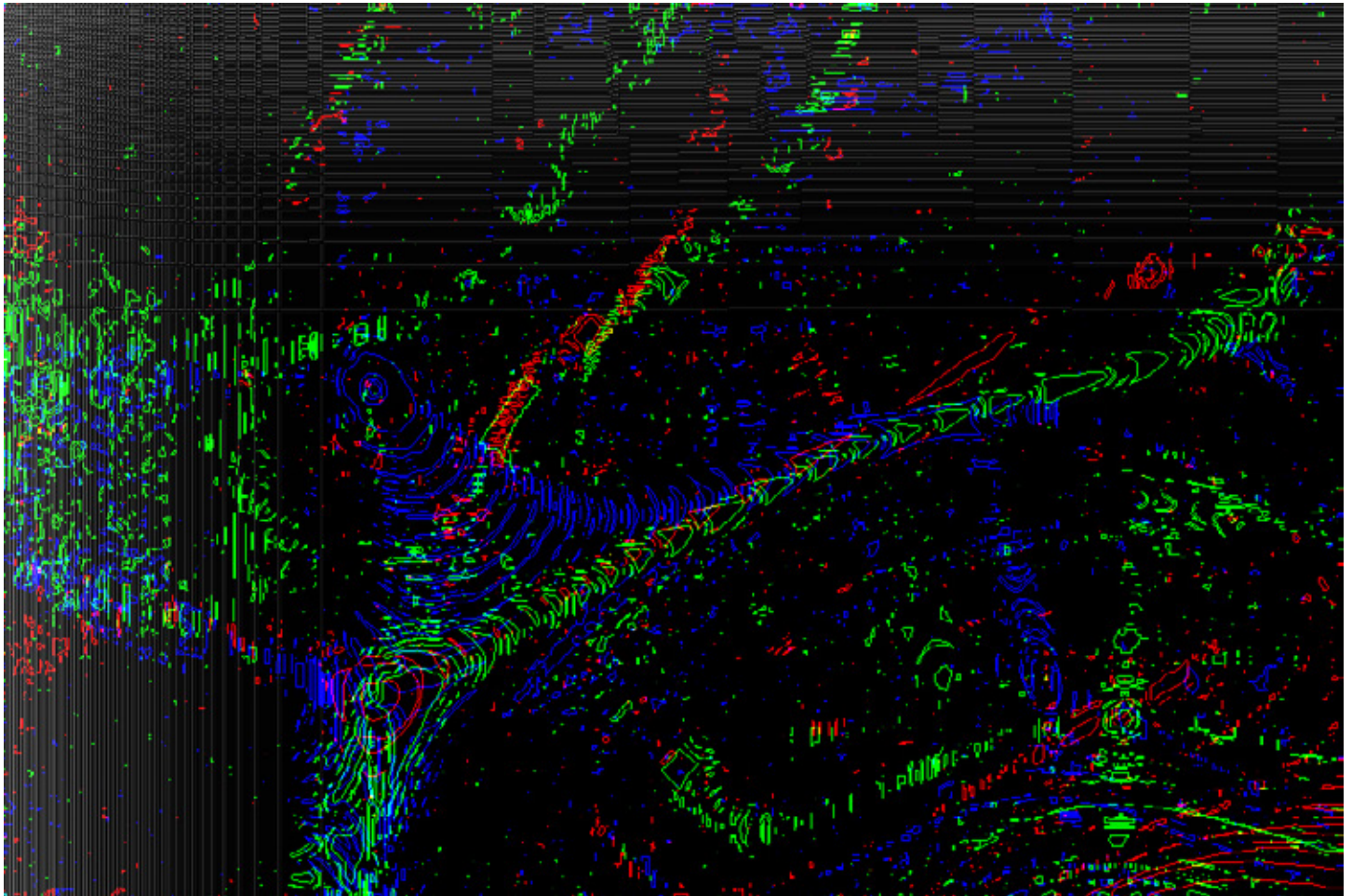
NOTE: An important and prolific modern lyricist, Irving Layton was also a great “introducer” of his own work, both in the prefatory remarks he would deliver before reading a poem out loud, and in the written prefaces and introductions that he composed for the majority of his published monographs. In many instances, the imagery Layton used in his prefaces to communicate his ideas about what poetry is, and what it can accomplish, is as concrete and powerful as that found in the poems that followed. The language of my own poem is derived from a selection of Irving Layton’s prefaces and introductions. The result is a poem that communicates a poetics of strong distinction and pronounced imperative. I used prefaces and introductions from the following books to compose this poem:

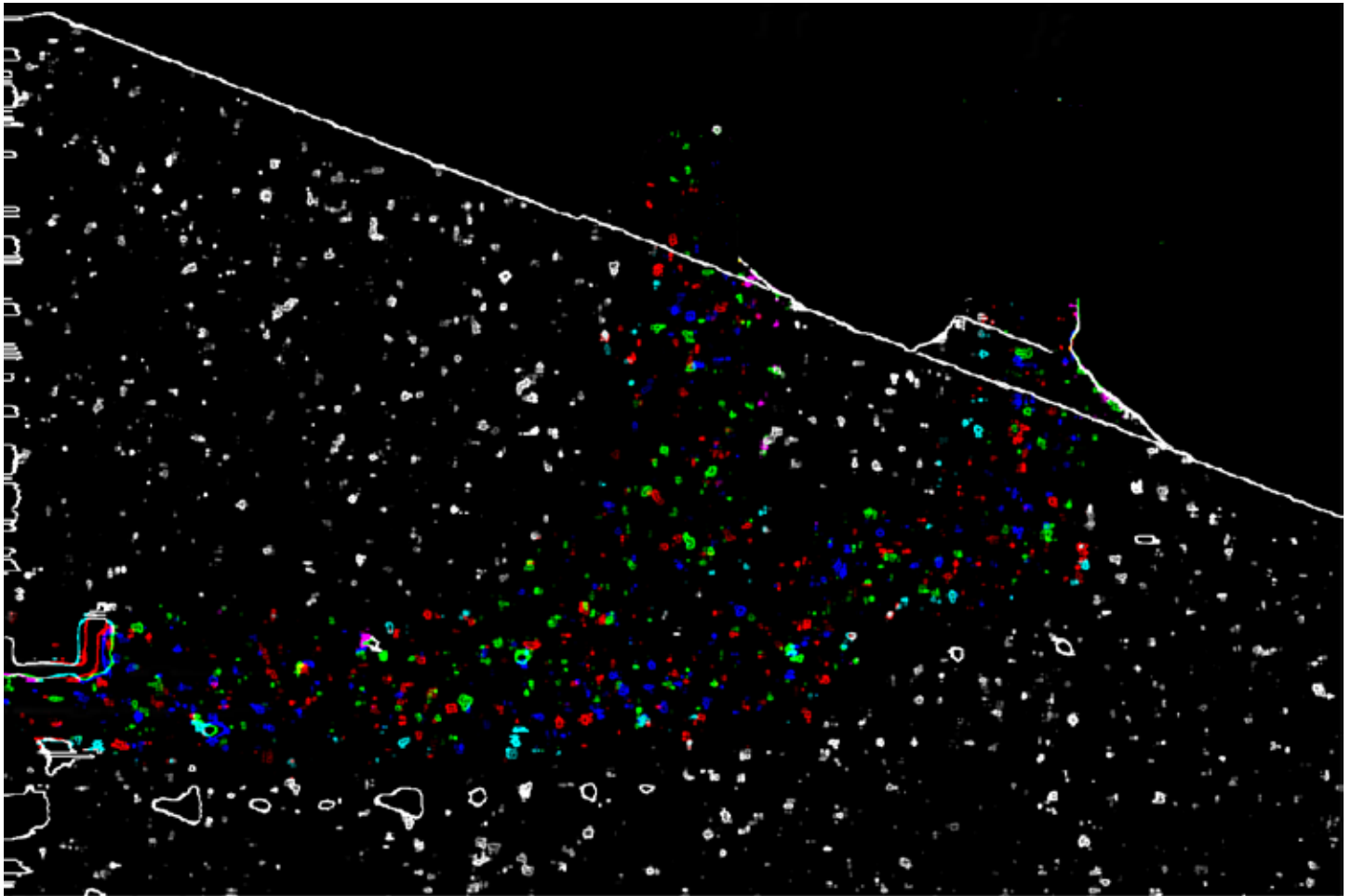
Balls For a One Armed Juggler
The Collected Poems of Irving Layton
The Covenant
Droppings From Heaven
For My Brother Jesus
The Gucci Bag
The Improved Binoculars
The Laughing Rooster
The Love Poems of Irving Layton
Lovers and Lesser Men
Nail Polish
Periods of The Moon
The Pole Vaulter
A Red Carpet for The Sun
The Shattered Plinths
The Swinging Flesh
The Tightrope Dancer
The Whole Bloody Bird

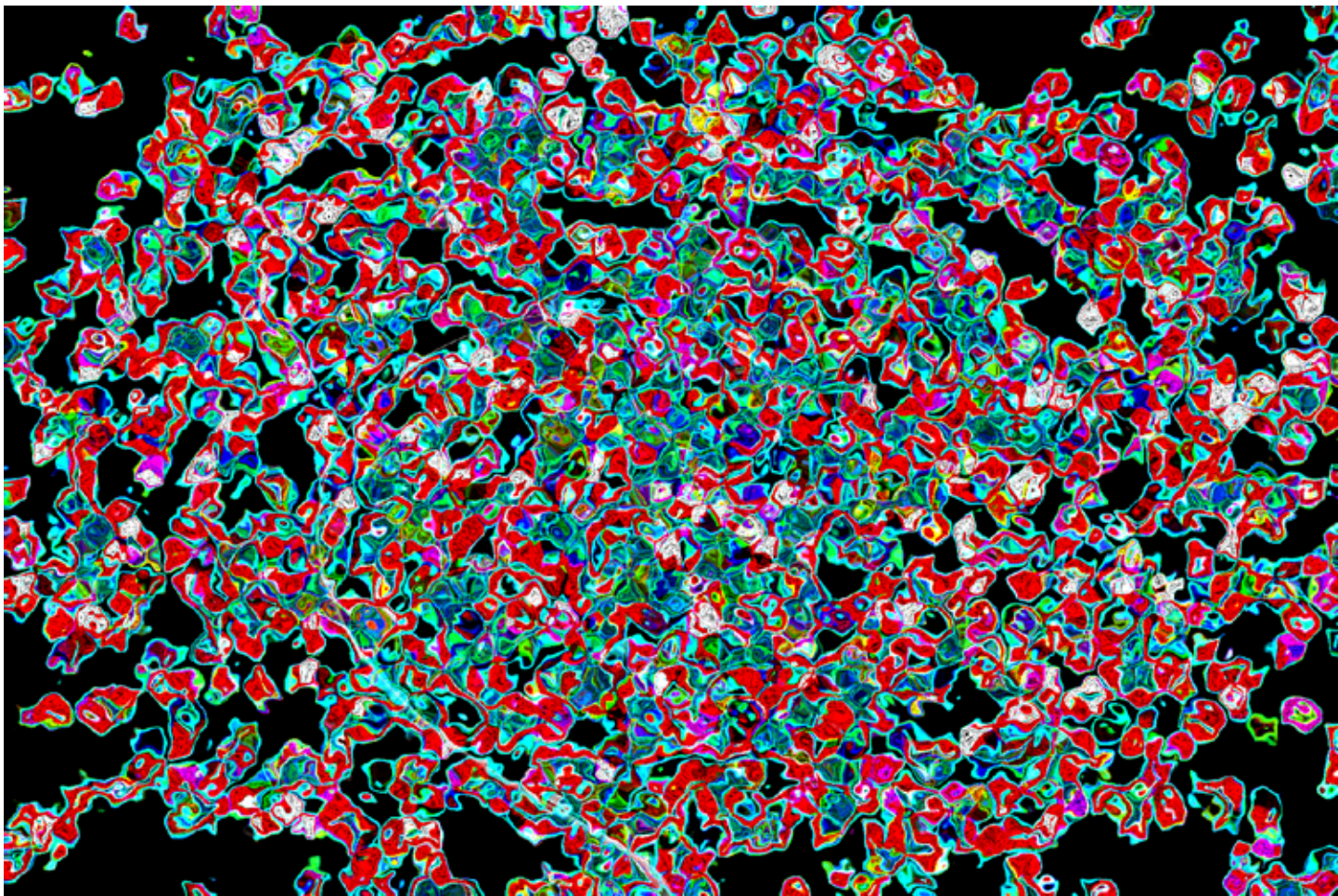




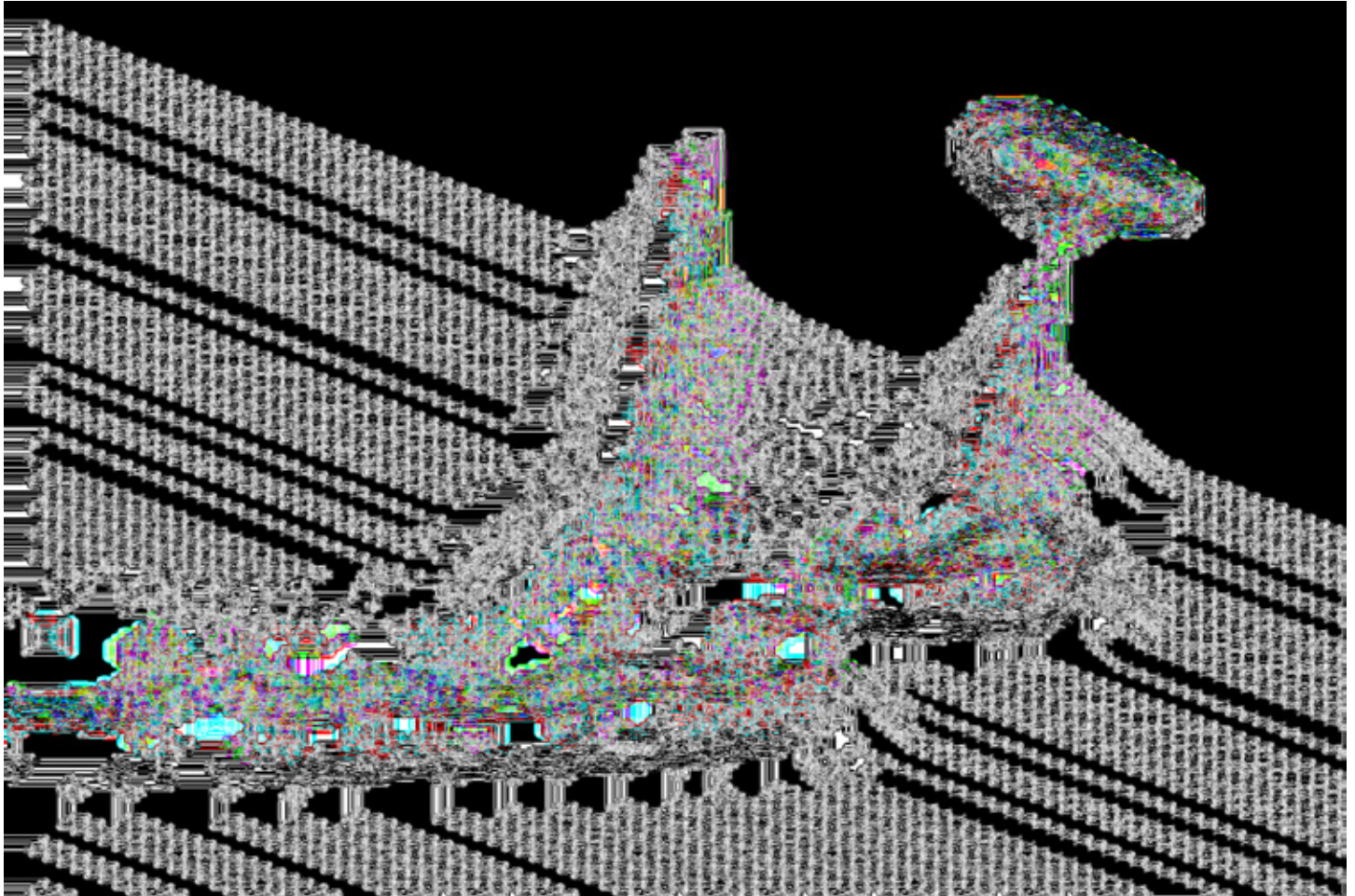


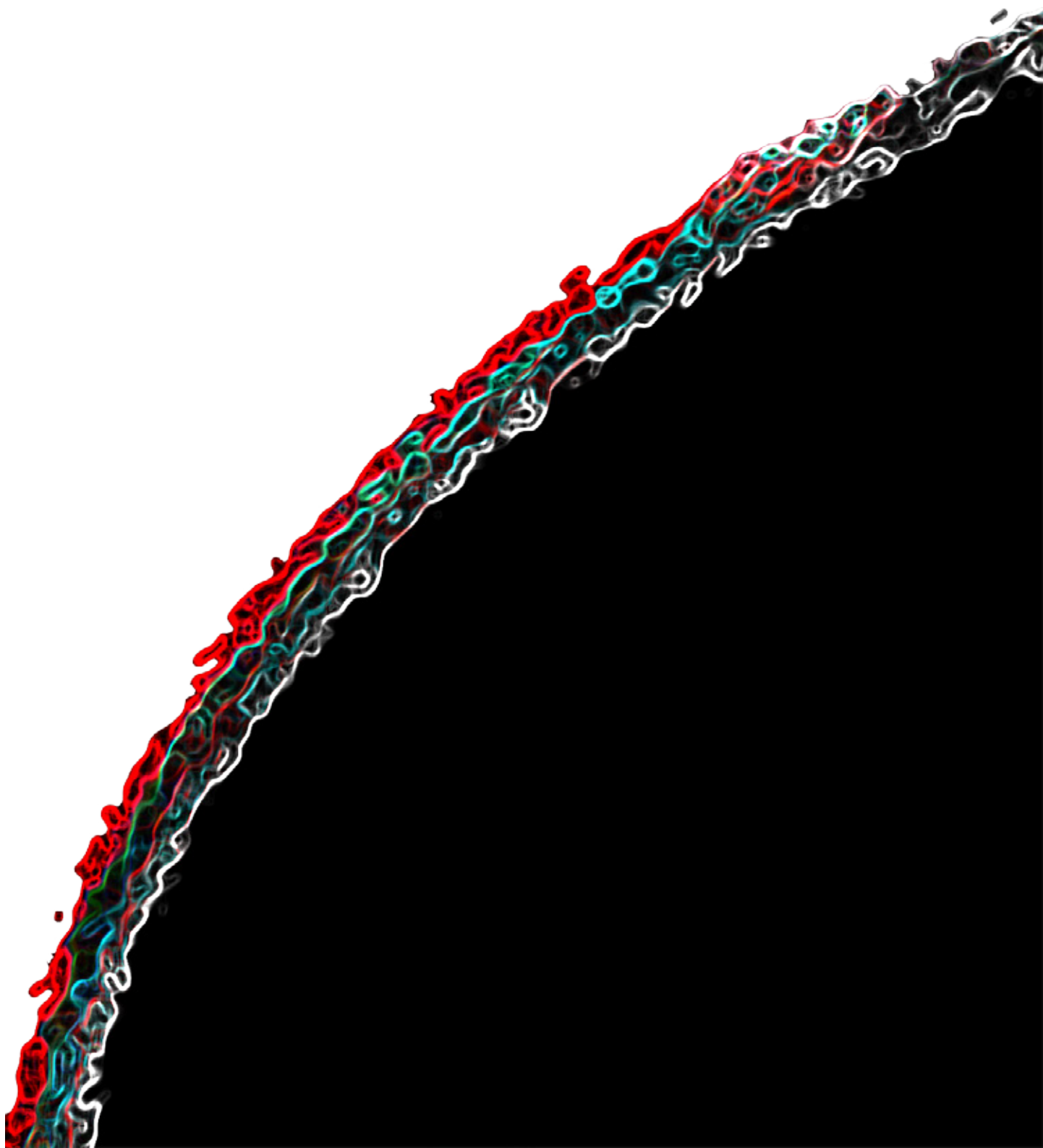


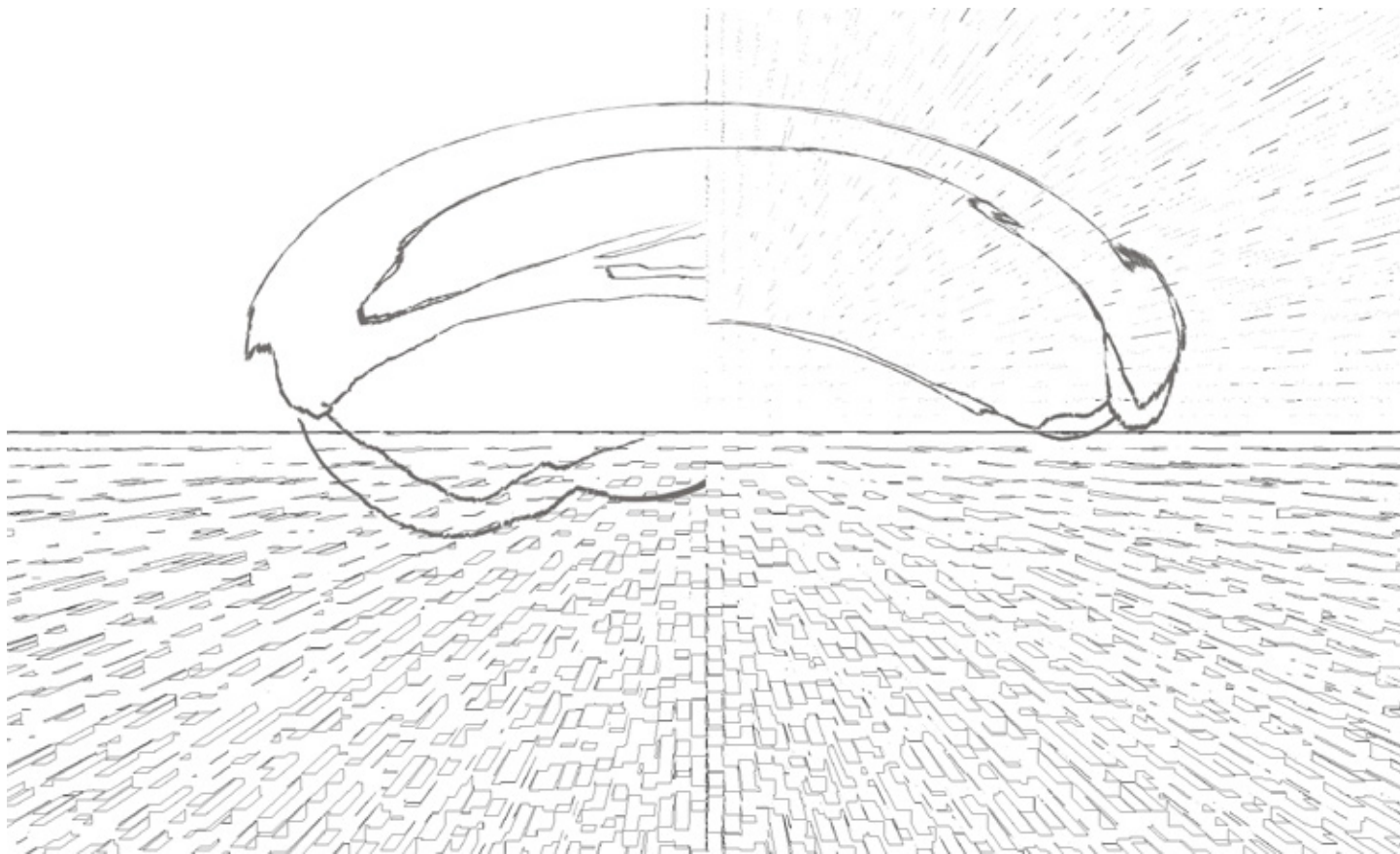






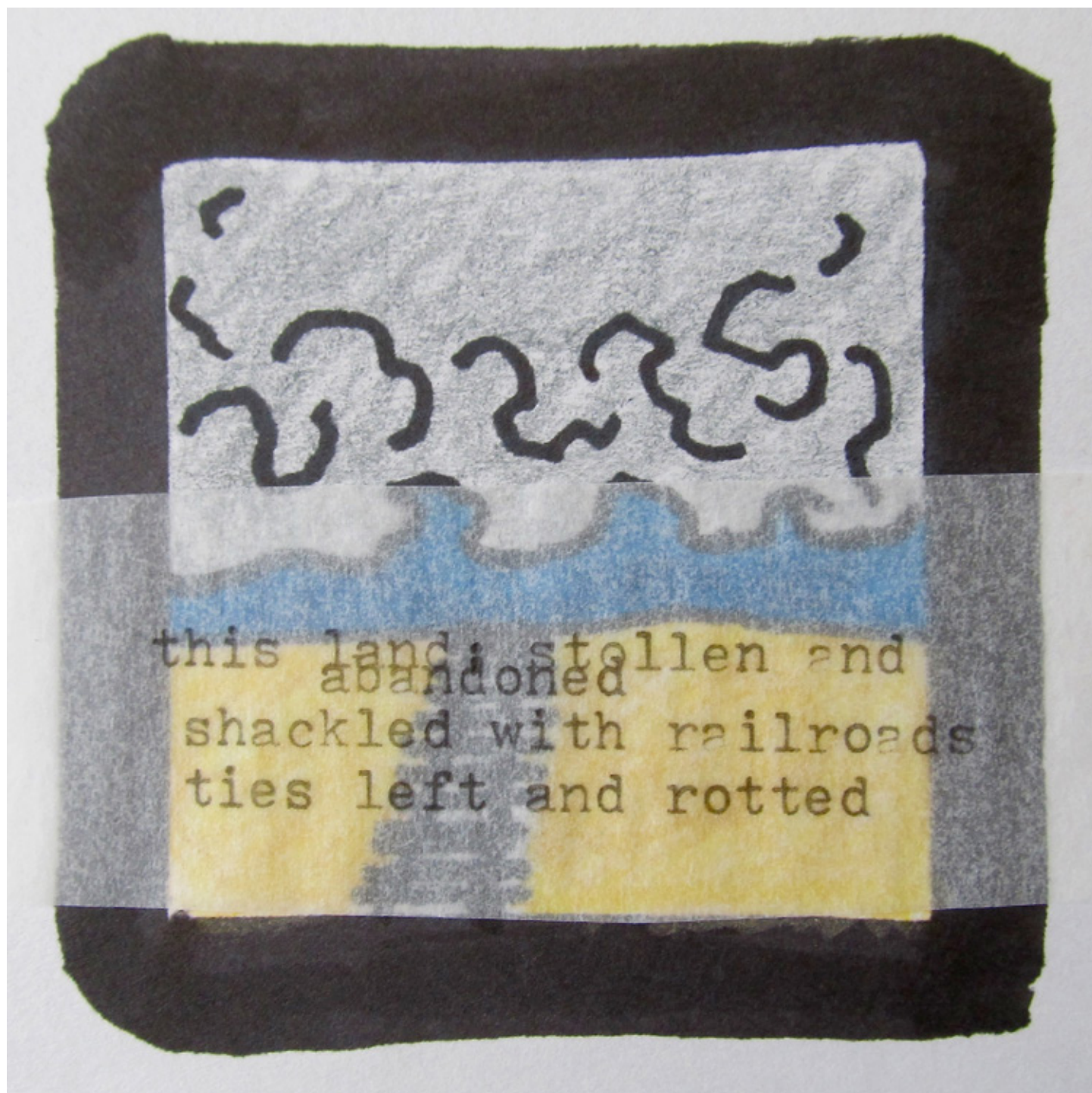












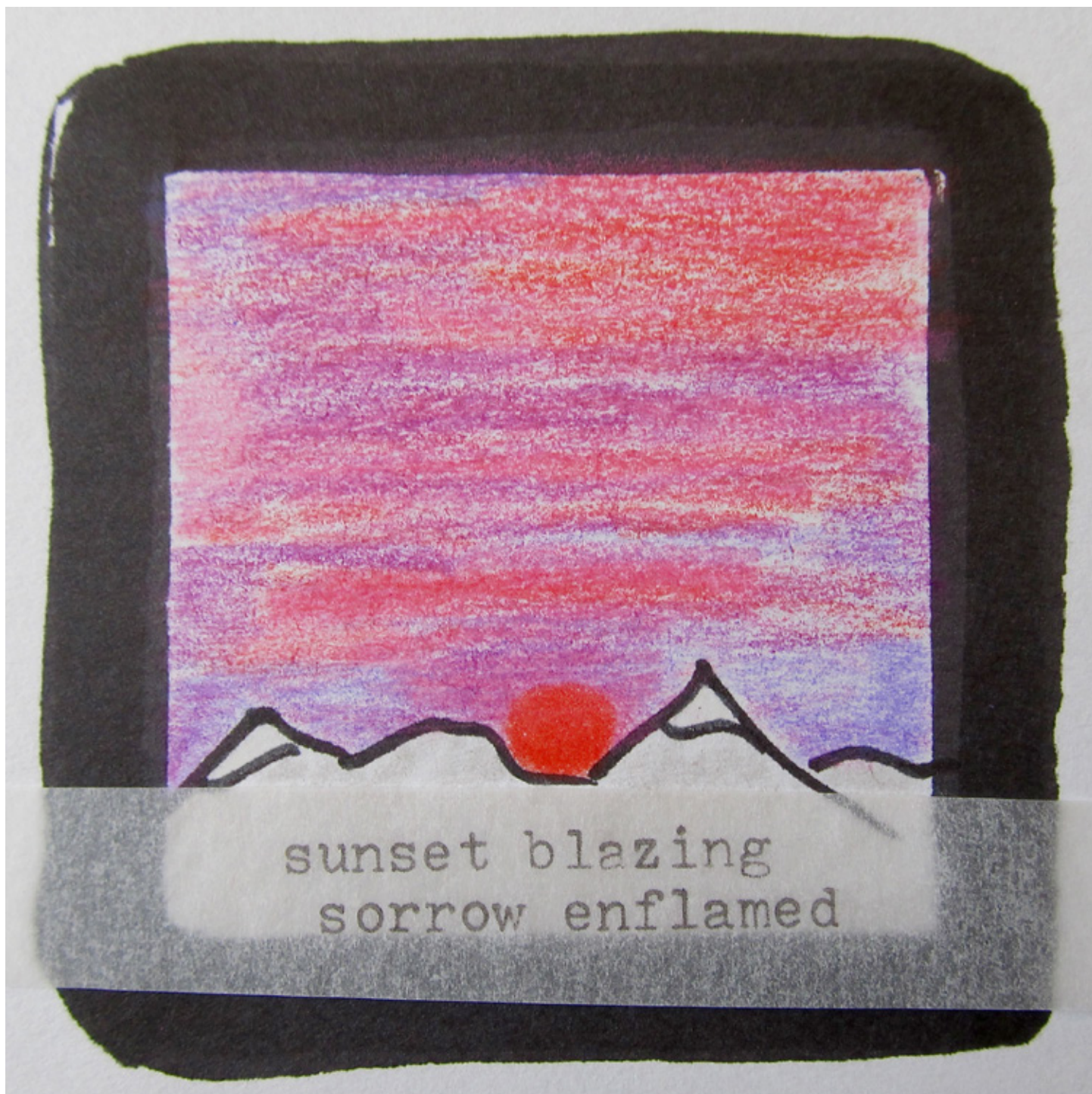




















how beautiful, the miracles are singing,
 redder than blood among darknesses

they shine after the rain;
a luxury, a necessity

all concerned with eventual beauty,
 gently curving to the breeze

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita. *Country Notes*. "October".

smoking blue night pouring in,
we choke and cough, a fresh stoking

lanterns swing from beams above mountains,
a ghostly exquisite imponderability

name the cross between gold, moonlight—
everything you touch bristles with shadow

a hole gapes in men
a great wheel spins, shadow spokes whirling

blue smoke rises with solitude and vigil;
rhythmically, the overseer scribbles upon his slate

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita. *Country Notes*. "Garden and the Oast".

I wonder whether the freshness
of early spring mornings
really intoxicates the birds as much as we believe?
If I pulled, would a net rise to the surface, several fields away?
Why bother about blackberries when canned peaches
arrive miraculously and cheaply from California and the Cape?
This, by analogy, is what happens when
somebody points to a delphinium and says:
How they have improved lupins recently, haven't they?
What painter could sit unmoved at a circus-ring,
fingers not twitching to hold the brush?
What are we finally to concede?
Is there any real satisfaction in being a contortionist?
How can you leave all those good apples lying there?

Source:
Questions culled from Sackville-West, Vita., *Country Notes*. New York: Harper & Bros., 1940.
Online facsimile at www.gutenberg.ca

Of darkened drama, the sun merely cautiously
occasion behind moon's shadow for three-quarters
allowing his sinking impaired more,
bite of a slice, out of his teacup;
It was impressive, eclipses go.
Thankful, I squint glass, standing,
sharing the glass with members my household;
We passed from hand, eye to eye,
Looking westward at sinking.
Other came strangely: our darkened
flowering tree, red transmuted tree,
a sinister loveliness to any earthly coming dark—
seen, smoked glass, eclipse of sun behind take
The visiting moon did leave remarkable.

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita., *Country Notes*. "Eclipse".

O dark drama, sun
 behind moon shadow
 impaired ,
 bite of teacup;
 impressive, eclipse
 I squint standing,
 the glass my
 eye,
 Looking west sinking.
 O strange : darkened
 red, transmuted tree,
 sinister loveliness earth in dark—
 smoked , eclipse of sun take
 visiting moon remarkable.

Source:
 Sackville-West, Vita., *Country Notes*. "Eclipse".

O dark sun
 shadow
 ;
 ' my
 eye,
 ' dark—
moon a .

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita., *Country Notes*. "Eclipse".

the lake in electric blue quivering,
sun, trout leap untroubled

you keep very still, the confidence of intimacy
making its way over the damp grass

the ocean sighs truth, the fullness of time,
mystery

all we know is small and diaphanous,
a well of risk

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita. *Country Notes*. "Eels".

slanting with light,
harmless and sincere
in the heavy rain;
scientifically expressed
in calculated danger
and the swoop of furtive human dignity,
Mars approaches,
thirty-six million miles away,
accompanied by two moons,
and we beneath the red planet are indeed
absurd among the rhododendrons.

psychological associations of thought
start vividly into life
the more deeply one cares.

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita. *Country Notes*. "Controversial Topics".

trees, their trunks cut.
finely veined mountains.
a new unreality we see for the first time.
the unknown lives moving inside them;
we creep past, failing,
obliterating, instead of enchanting.
intervals of danger will smoulder for days,
even under rain. art has to be learnt.
art is ingenious, sharp slanting
among the undergrowth;
a wheel or engine,
a disreputable object which came to light—
incongruously reminiscent of opportunity
imitating the idea

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita. *Country Notes*. "Fog"

I must have been created
two or three centuries ago,
from wood, a sheet of water
and general peacefulness,
the cracked reflection of trees in water,
the mirrored untruth.
I was romantic beyond hope,
darting off on blue wings,
common and humming;
a surprising flash
of blue, exorbitant pleasure.

Source:
Sackville-West, Vita. *Country Notes*. "The Lake".

Karen Massey

Notes:

The source of these ten poems is
Sackville-West, Vita., *Country Notes*. New York: Harper & Bros., 1940.
Online facsimile at www.gutenberg.ca

These poems are erasure poems, except for “Trench Drawn Hastily in Orchard”, which is comprised of questions culled from the entire source text.

Earlier versions of “Eclipse” and “Trench Drawn Hastily in Orchard” appeared online during the PoMoSco Project at *The Found Poetry Review*, in April, 2015. www.pomosco.com



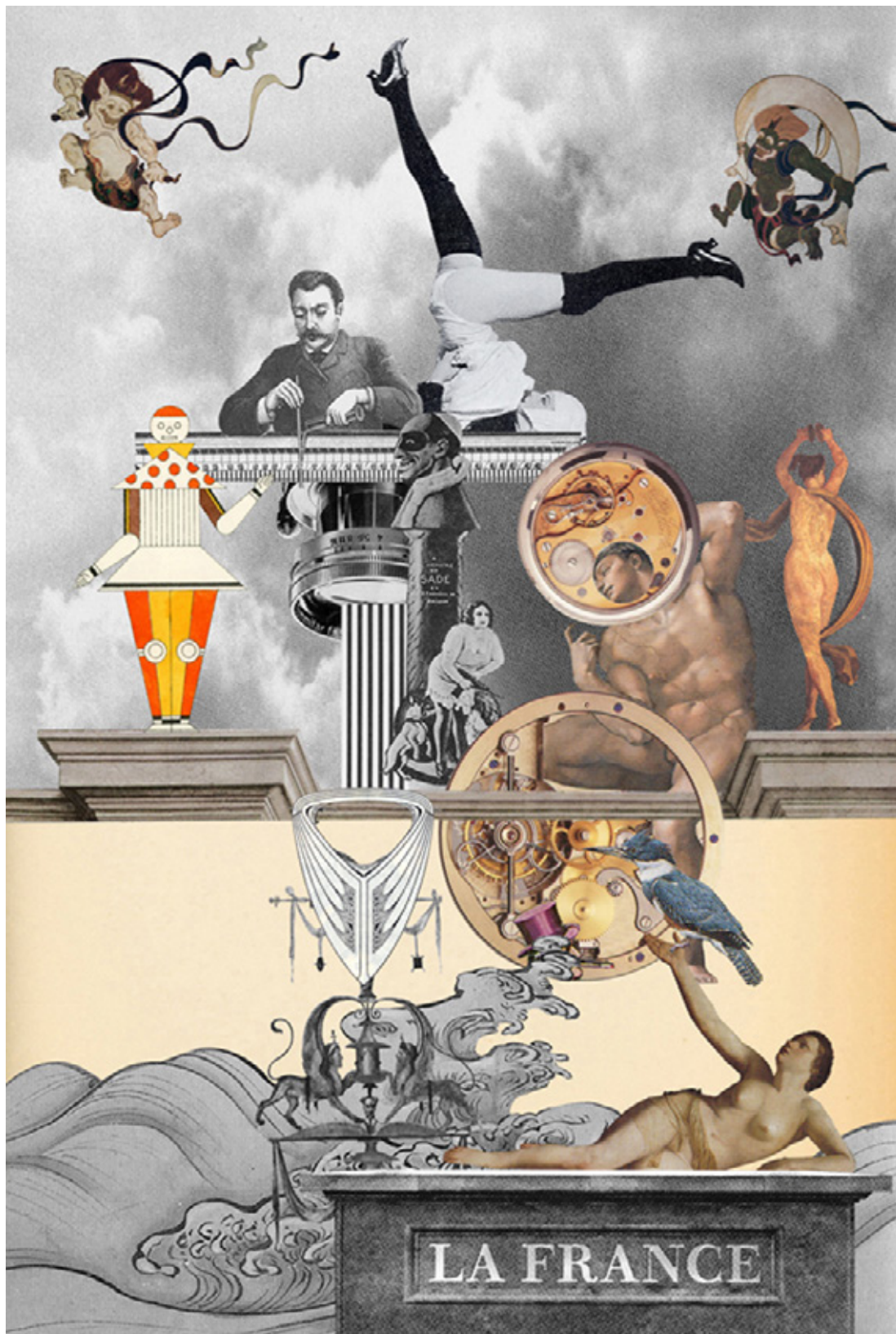


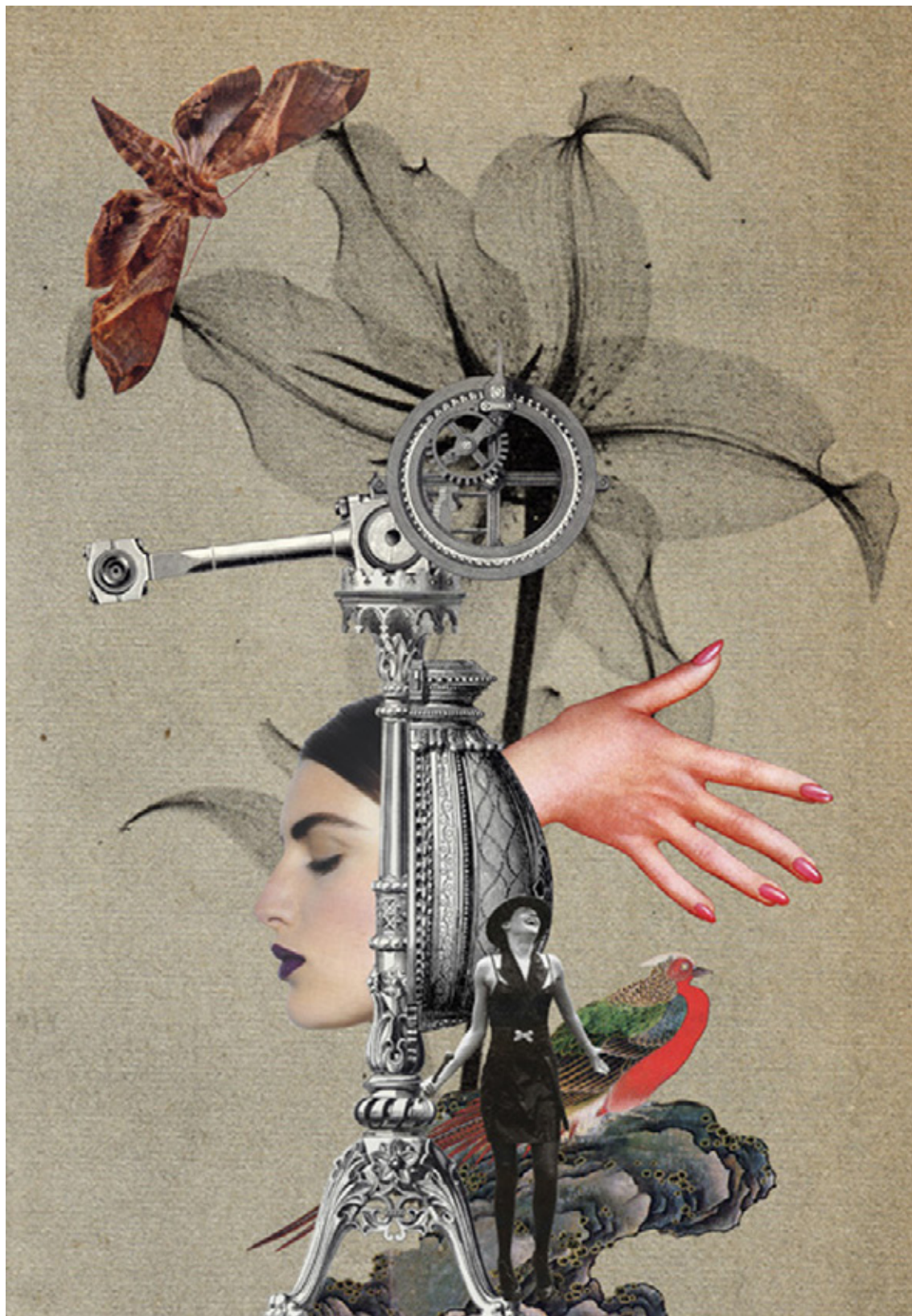


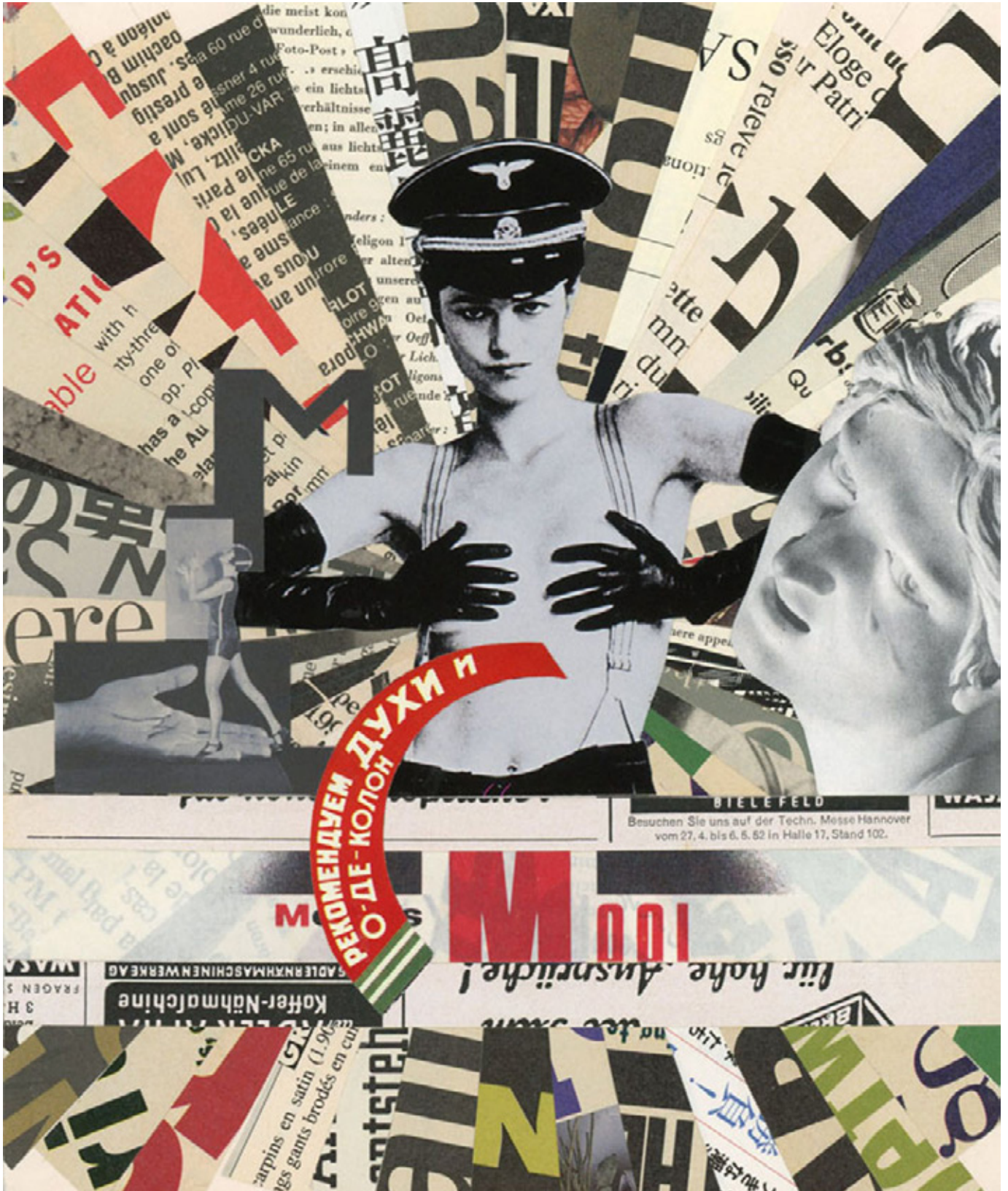




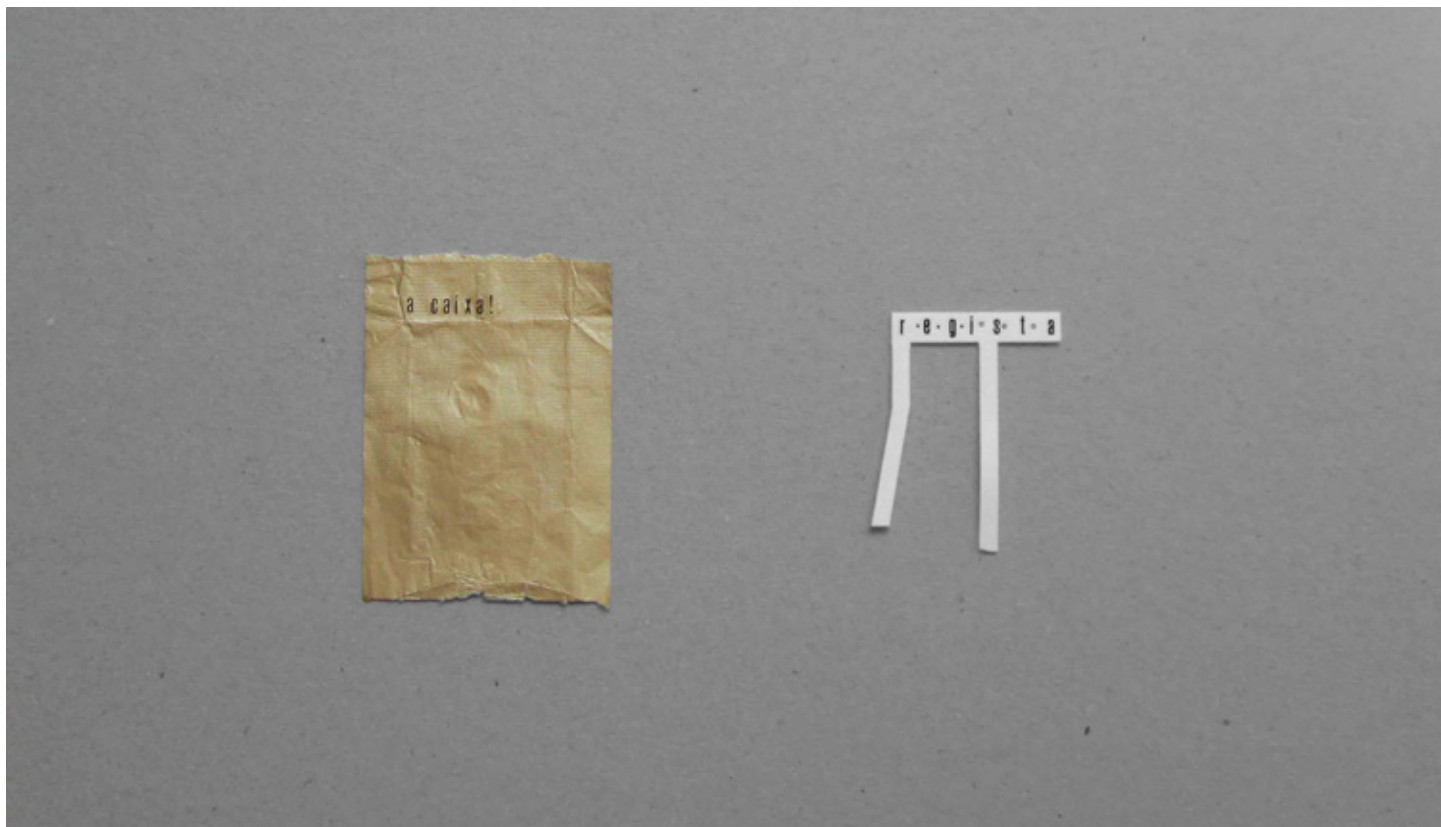


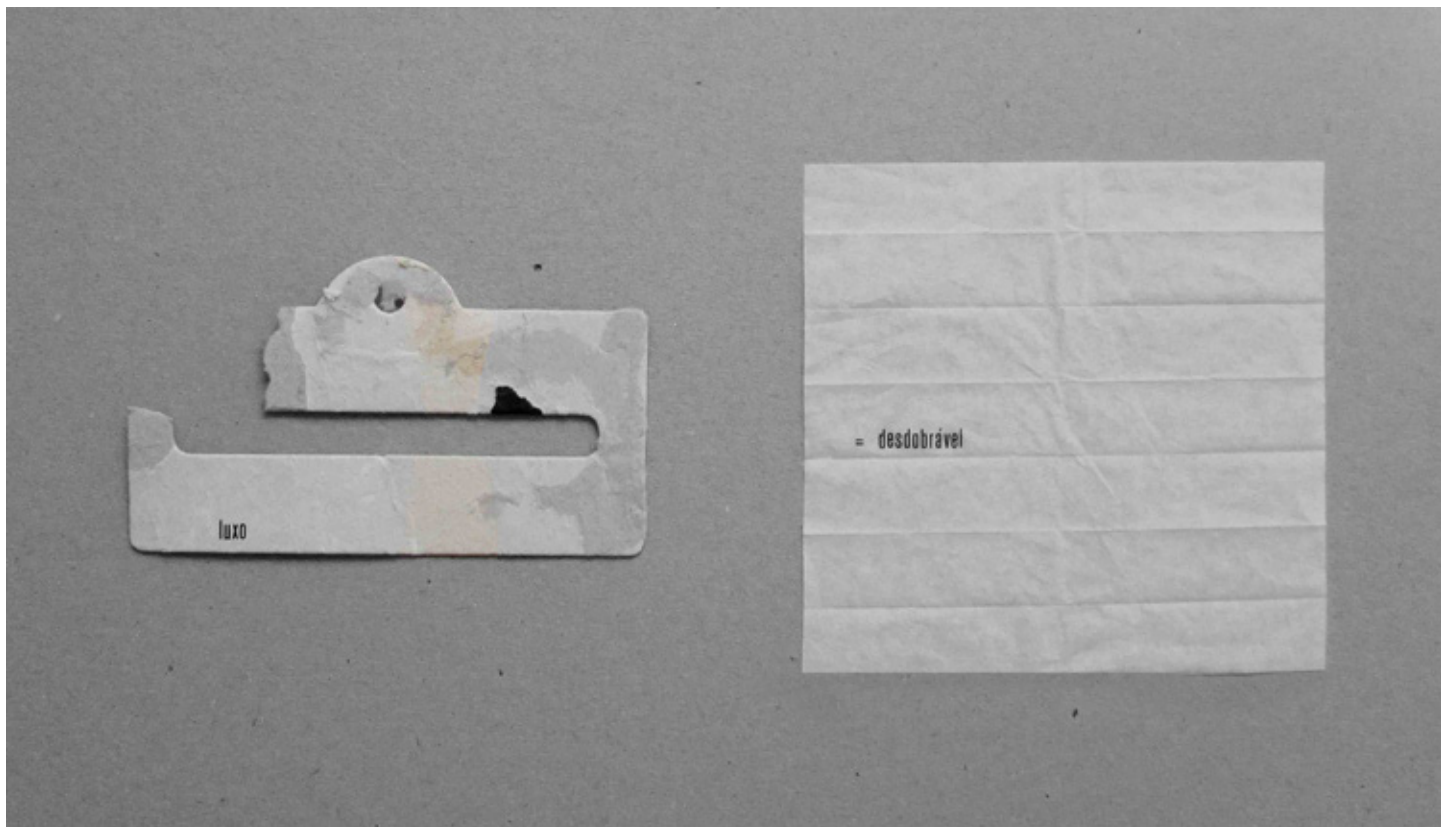


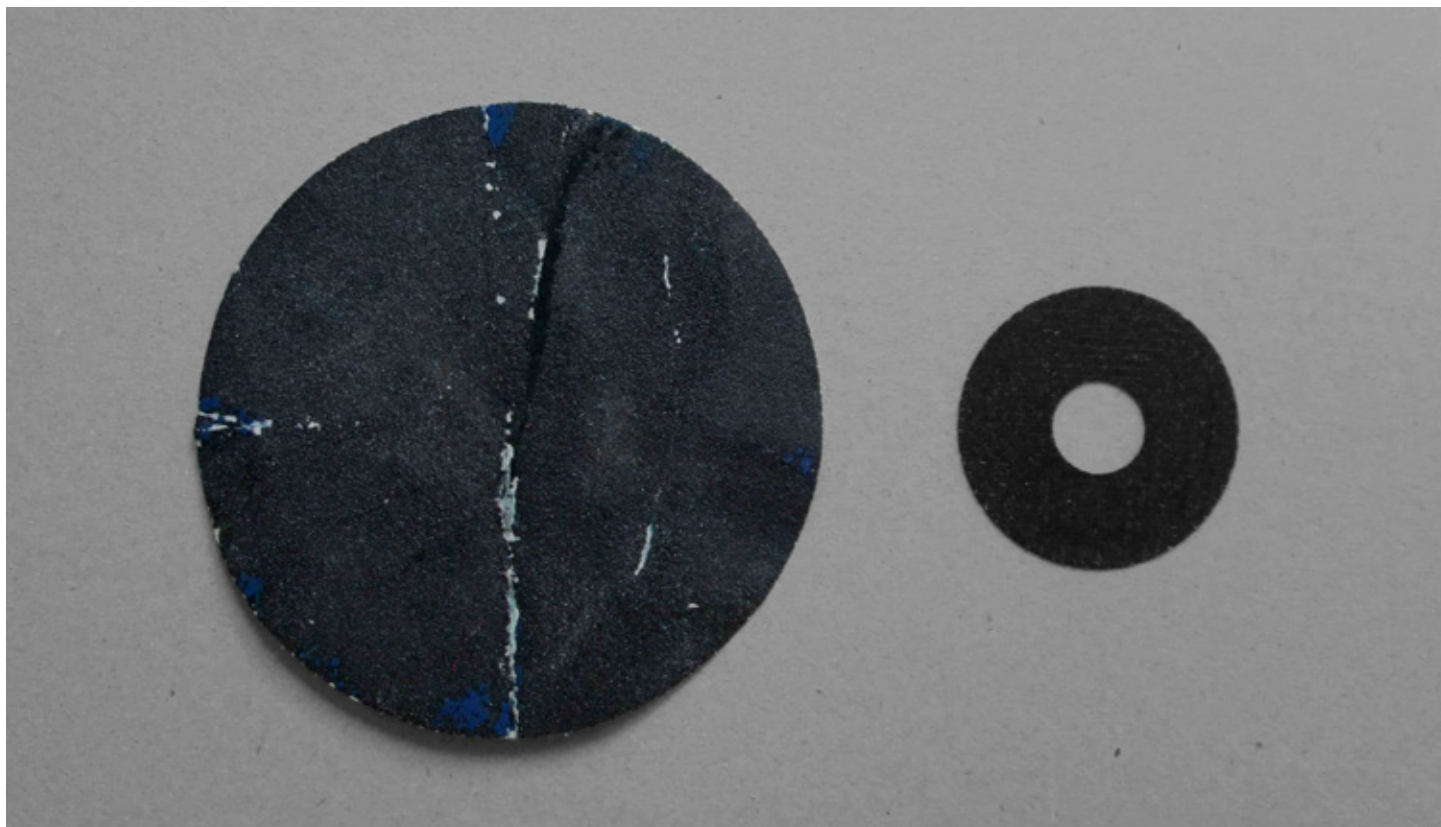














A breeze swings a rusty chain from a hook. A woman combs out her naturally blonde hair. Burning oil spots the stove. In the morning, I drive to a place where the cops don't tap your shoes if you sit outside all night, counting the stars.

My old man taught me to stick a rusty nail in a can of coke to clean it—God as he knew it.

Dipped a worm to remove the fish when the fake frog couldn't make it. Then it was a shiny piece of life tapping itself out on the bottom of the aluminum boat as it drowned from all the air.

The family bible sits open at Ecclesiastes and a crucifix occupies the doghouse. When the trees turn red and yellow, most of the good feeling leaves as well.

During the movie intermission, the war amputees hold their raffle. A man picks a ticket out of the bin with his mouth. He calls out my name. I go up to the stage.

"Can I see your ID?" I show him my driver's license. He shakes his head.

"I'm afraid you are not the winner."

"But you called out my name."

He shakes his head again, points his arm stump at the old man making his way to the front of the theatre.

"That's the one we want."

A face lined like dried mud cracking, but bird-like too, a turkey vulture riding a thermal in the Indian summer heat.

"Isn't that ol' Nort?"

"Couldn't be, he's been dead almost five years."

"He did have that middling child with the Sheti woman."

"The jam lady?"

"The same."

"Poor bastard."

Philip Quinn

I remember him, red-faced from harvesting the hay fields during the day, bringing us home in that yellow school bus, a blue, dirty bandanna on the back of his sun-burnt neck. He started up the local school bus line, gave his last name to it, Norton, but we simply called him ol' Nort, and in-between yelling at us to be quiet, he'd smile his toothless grin.

The sounds of the street are harsh and brittle. The boy sits on steps outside the apothecary's shop. He covers his ears, shakes his head, and realizes that the noise cannot be defeated. He drops his hands, starts to hum then sing, tapping out a beat on his bare knees.

Saturday night, the young boy leads a group of his elders down a murky tunnel to the baths.

Next to him limps a middle-aged man with a glistening black beard.

They reach the changing room, dripping water and green mold on its walls.

"This is taking place in my mind...nowhere else right?"

"That's true for all of us," says the pretty, over-perfumed young woman, sitting next to me.

"It's like Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*."

"It's a wonderful play. All the reviewers have said so."

"Do I fail in this regard?"

"How so?"

"My own work. Does it remain an intensely private experience?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Good. Shut your eyes."

"Why?"

"I'm making a substitution."

Philip Quinn

The screen door opens loosely, not quite held in place by its tired spring.

It takes a while for my eyes to adjust to the chiaroscuro effect of the book-lined walls.

Virgil points to the three stools by the counter.

"Most days, he'd order liver and onions on two slices of slightly burnt rye toast."

"Why here?"

"As a boy he kept the alleyway clean, was rewarded with a sweet."

I direct a question towards the middle-aged woman who stands behind the counter: "Is it possible, you remember him, a young man with eyes intensely focused on the fine print of any contract he signed. Those first years he transported the children using a seven-passenger Pierce-Arrow limousine.

"Who?"

"Ol' Nort—the school bus driver."

"I just work here," she says. "I know nothing about that."

"I'll have the cheese omelet," says Virgil.

"I'll have something with a tomato on it."

"A sandwich perhaps," says the woman.

"No, a buttered slice of freshly charred liver."

When the driver stops the school bus, we climb down the metal steps with our wooden boxes of seedlings protected in plastic tubes. Stoned on a tab of windowpane acid, I watch the orange sun force its way into the resisting sky.

I slice the earth with my shovel and hear it scream. I pry up a flap of turf, and it's like pulling a band aid off my own skin. I lift the shovel over my head, knowing that the stars are out of reach.

I gag on the falling dirt.

Philip Quinn

In the afternoon, the sun drills my head and my skin withers. I enjoy the lunch break, biting into my jam sandwich, taking sips of the fizzed-out pop. At the end of the summer, I'm going to look for a small town and start up a school bus line, and harvest the fields while I wait for the day's classes to end.

+++

Waiting to Die I walked into an electronics stores and placed The Red River Valley and the Murders of the Rue Morgue DVD movies inside the lead-lined vest I wore under my puff daddy ski jacket.

Waiting to Die I watched the old people with their walkers and canes and their faces of death.

Waiting to Die I thought about fucking.

Waiting to Die I made a list of my assets and disabilities and realized I was 50% dead.

Waiting to die I filled out my organ donor card.

Waiting to die I tried to write.

Waiting to die I tried to forget to write.

+++

In a box of a room, two blind men tap out their search for me with their white canes.

On the other side of the window, others pretend I can't see them as they discuss "my case". The room they're in is soundproof but I can read lips.

They have force fed my computer kiddie porn; I will be pulled out of the police car with my hands handcuffed behind my back.

Like a turtle, I will attempt to duck my head into my suit jacket to escape the harsh glare of the media lights. I will remain unrecognized, perfectly neutral, just slightly ashamed.

+++

We make our way into the subway system, singly and without much hope, covered in cologne and perfumes that hide everything except the smell of the mothballs.

Philip Quinn

The men wish that they were women, envying the freedom to choose a textured skirt, or even a conservative pantsuit, anything but this compulsion to dress in the same khaki-coloured trousers or those ghastly business suits that never quite fit, no matter what the cost.

In my briefcase, I have my on-going strategies for career success, my various downloaded porn fantasies saved to DVD (strictly mature women and hard, raw consensual sex) and inside my head a desire to be cured in front of an audience by a telegenic wealth practitioner.

In the subway car, there's only one plastic bench, not nearly long enough to accommodate all of us, so I stand bending my head to avoid bumping it on the ceiling. One man loses his balance when the train goes around a curve in the tracks. The doors automatically open and he tumbles out, a brief scream then silence. I grab his grey fedora and stick it on my head.

At our downtown stop, we file out watched by an armed guard.

I stumble on the stairs, falling into the man in front of me, causing him to spill as well. A guard hits my shoulder with the butt end of his rifle. I drop my briefcase and another man grabs it.

Resistance was joyful (it must have been the anti-depressant I was on) and my flailing about only chewed up the skin on my hands and arms.

I kick at those chasing me, crawl through a sewer tunnel to find myself in a kennel-like area. A dog approaches. I tap it gently on its head. A child watches me.

My dance partner, a former hair stylist, has a brush cut that shines with grease. He holds my fingers too tightly. I try biting him on the cheek but a guard intercedes and gives me a new partner, a former announcer for a major overseas news channel.

We dance cheek by cheek. I bite down on my inner lip and when the blood flows, I drink with a great thirst.

A few more years of confinement and they will pronounce me cured. I will live on the street, and collect aluminum cans.

++

He had violated the casting agency's major rule, skipped a day, and played hooky from the movie set.

Philip Quinn

Still there he was the next day, lined up for inspection with the other extras.

“Do you know why I asked for you specifically?”

The casting director didn’t wait for anyone to answer.

“You’ve all messed up at different times. Well, I’m prepared to give everyone here a second chance.”

The man standing next to him or that middle-aged woman with the pink hair sitting in the canvas chair just below him must have added something to his finger food. It had a sharp metallic taste, and the shrimp tails cut the inside of his mouth.

He wandered down the long hallway, the wooden floorboards creaking, looking for the washroom, in case he was sick.

He knocked on one door that was partially open; it was small room containing just an unmade bed and a desk.

He collapsed on the bed and drifted off. When he awoke, an older man, in his underwear was lying next to him.

He must have drifted back into a dream, one of those where he could effortlessly fly except his direction was rather haphazard. He was aiming for a party, but kept going past it until he came down on a sandy shore fronting a small park.

A handful of beach umbrellas, children and dogs running, and somehow it was night, and a man was fucking him in the ass.

He attempted to turn over to kiss the man on the mouth. It was the casting director.

“I don’t understand what’s happening to me.”

“I told you it was a small film, not much of a budget. I’m also the director and principal star.”

“What happened to the others?”

“Oh, pretty boy, you just enjoy what’s yours and don’t worry about the others.”

He admitted the pleasure was intense; the man expertly stimulating his sphincter and prostate

gland to induce sharp twinges that verged closed to pain, but also brought this radiant heat to the top of his skull.

When he went to collect his money from the agency, they told him he was still barred because of his previous fuck up.

"But I was cast in this small movie called the Bible Belt Hustler."

The agency owner just shook her head at him.

"Not here you weren't."

"I remember it distinctly."

"Sorry."

"I need the money to pay my rent."

"Well next time don't screw with the continuity of a film. You're not showing up that day, meant they had to re-shoot the entire sequence. Forty thousand dollars or something like that."

"But I'm only an extra."

"Not to us you're not."

He has inside his head, a hairy homunculus, a small monkey like beast of a thing; his little guy as he likes to call him, operates the levers, the leverages, and the law of averages.

The vacant and the level headed, both mean the same, unexplored opportunities.

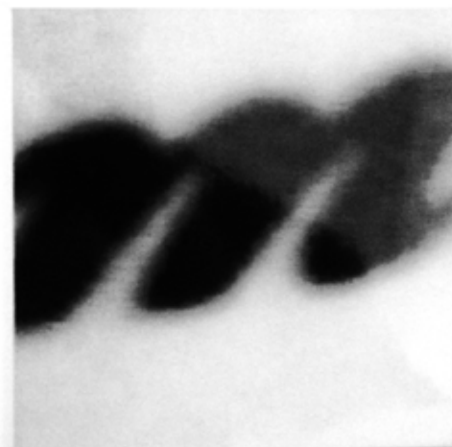
His lizard-like claws not appropriate for anything too delicate, often making a mess of it, and destroying the target host, in a fit of rage, or as just another casualty of battle.

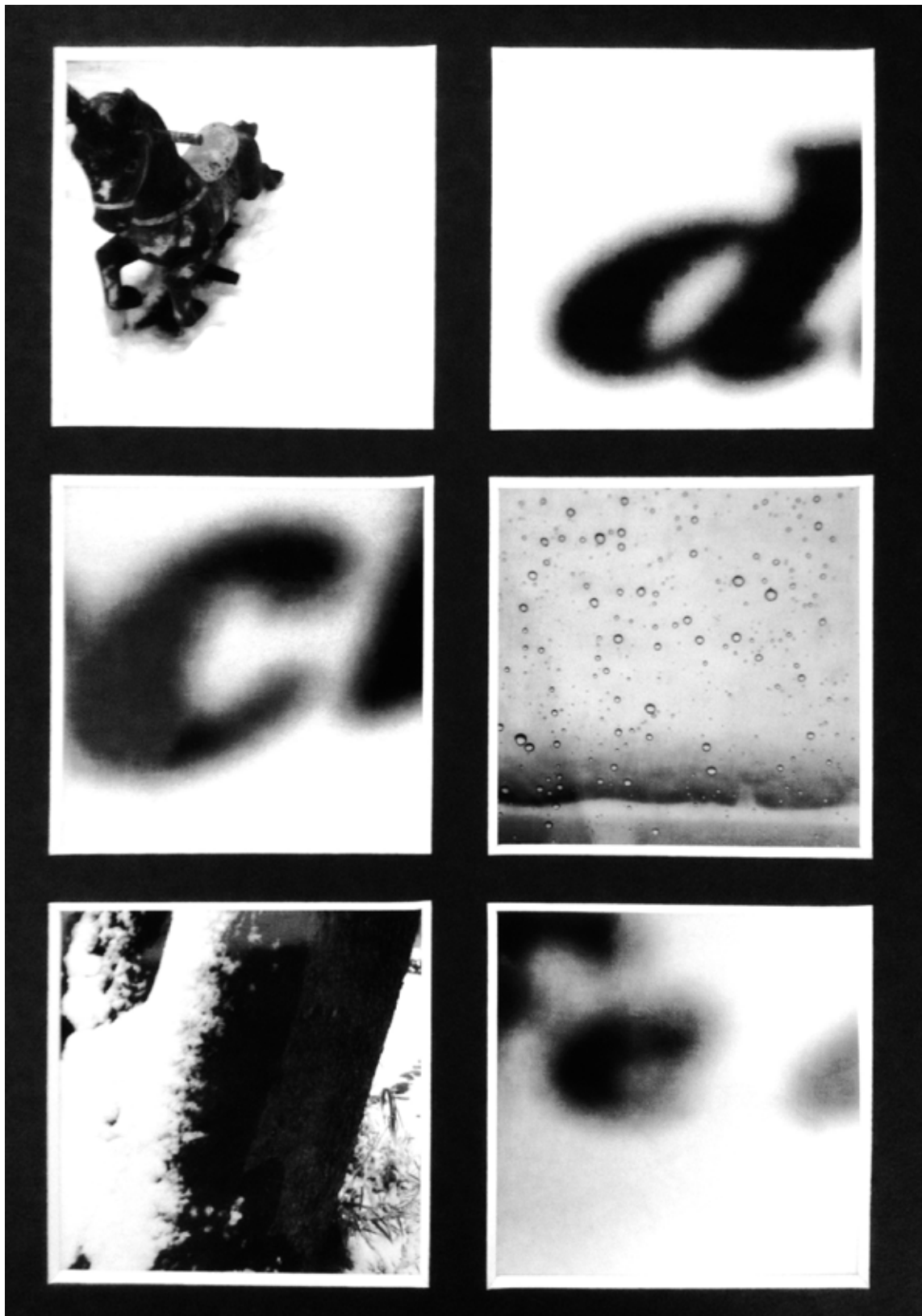
He said to the blond woman I want to kiss you, and she smiled and let him kiss her, right on the perfectly contoured mouth he had often imagined sharing a breath with. They were at this party on this cliff that looked down onto rocks and cement pilings put in place to prevent the lake from eating away at the owner's irrevocable sense of shoreline.























Carol White

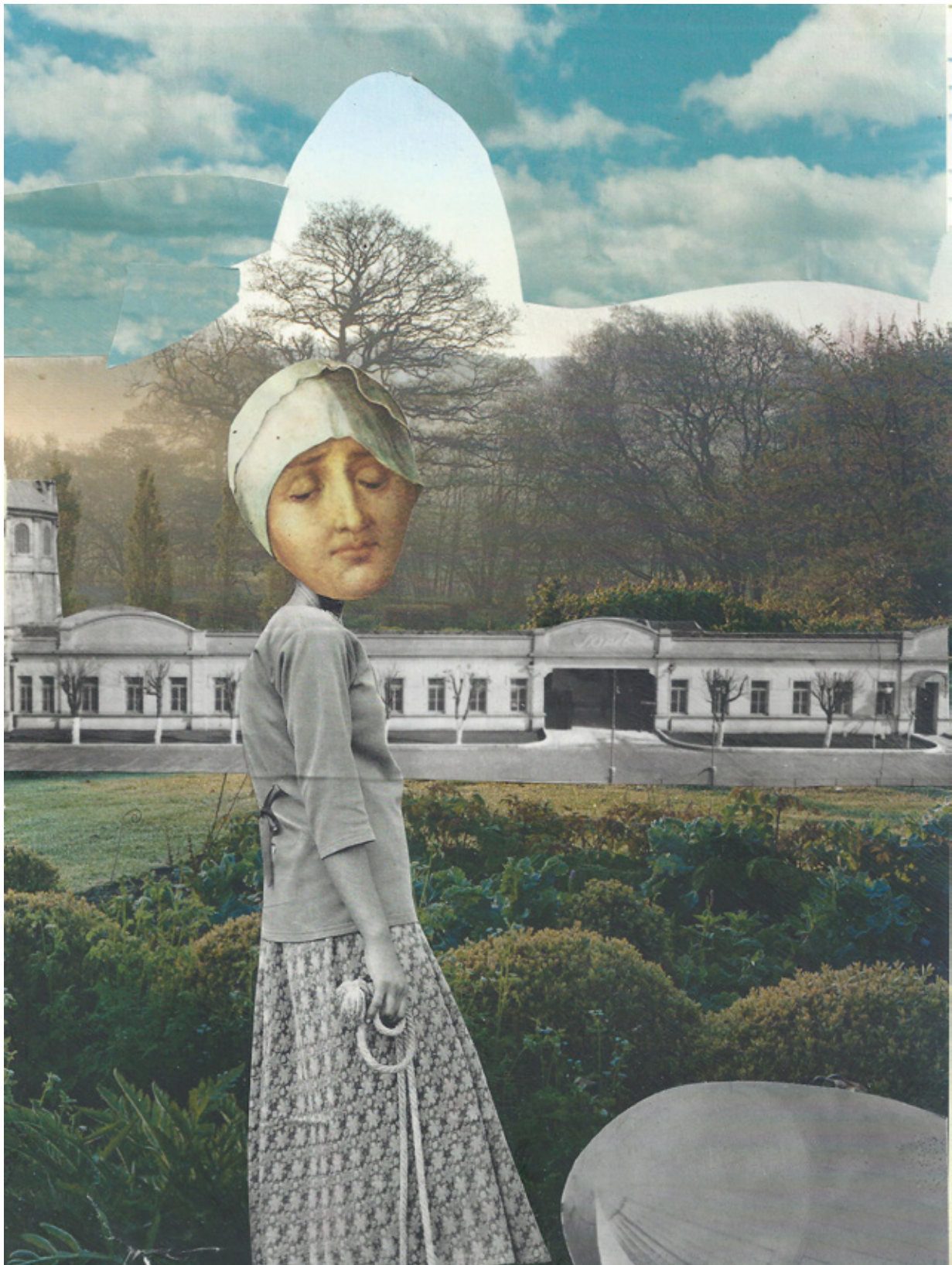


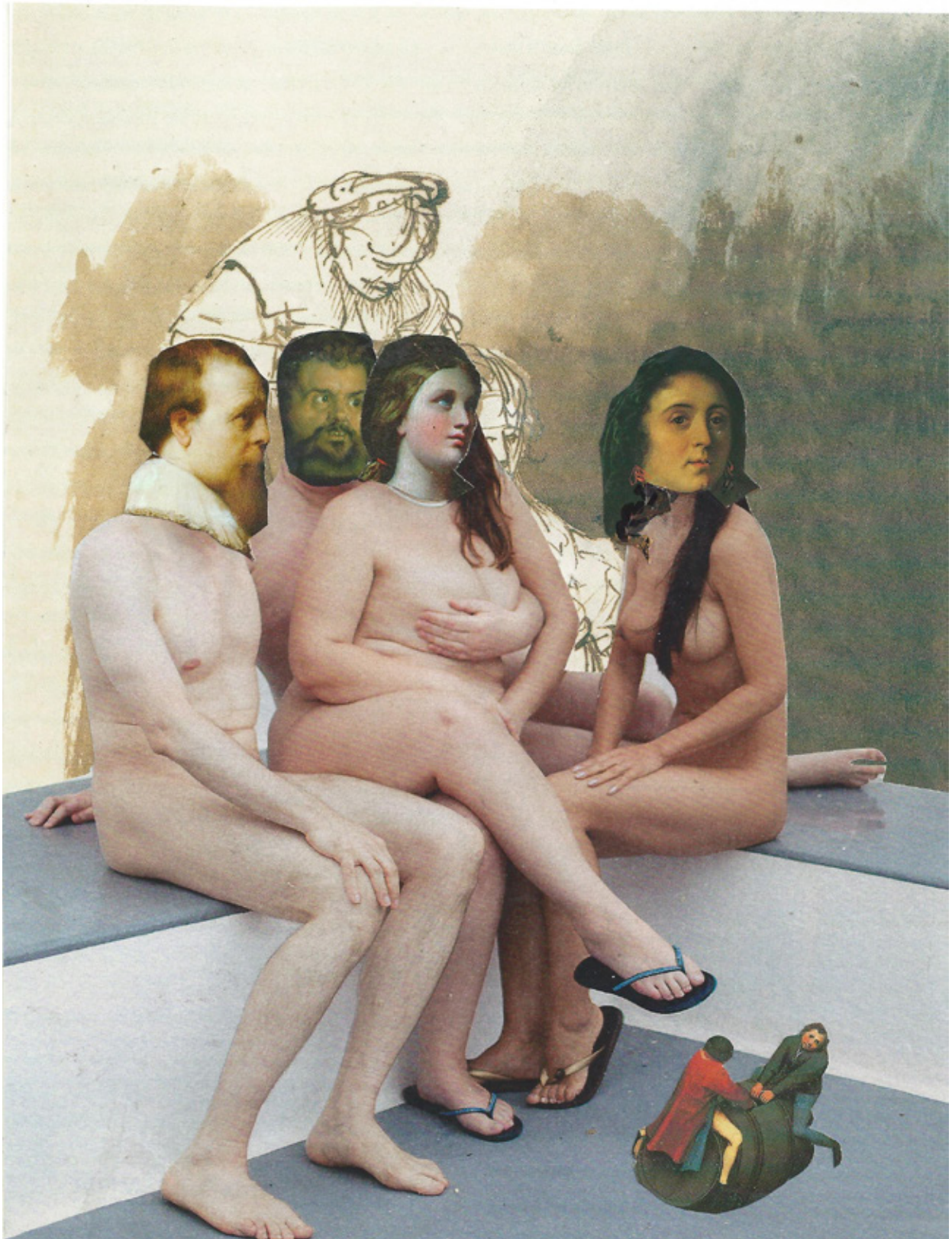
Carol White





Carol White

















Biographies

Jason Camlot is the author of four collections of poetry, *The Debaucher* (2008, Insomniac Press) *Attention All Typewriters* (2005, DC Books), and *The Animal Library* (2001, DC Books), and most recently, *What the World Said* (Mansfield, 2013). His critical works include *Style and the Nineteenth-Century British Critic* (Ashgate, 2008) and the co-edited collection of essays, *Language Acts: Anglo-Québec Poetry, 1976 to the Twenty-First Century* (Véhicule Press, 2007). His recent research projects have focused on the history of literary sound recordings, the digital presentation of analogue documentary poetry readings (see, for example, spokenweb.ca), as well as digital poetry projects (tickertext.concordia.ca) and game design projects (ludicvoice.concordia.ca). He is Associate Professor of English and Associate Dean in the Faculty of Arts and Science at Concordia University in Montreal.

Jason Christie is the author of *i Robot* (EDGE/Tesseract), *Canada Post* (Snare), and *Unknown Actor* (Insomniac). His chapbook, *Government*, published by above/ground press, was shortlisted for the 2014 bpNichol Chapbook Award. Another chapbook, *Cursed Objects*, was recently published by above/ground as well. He has had writing featured in a number of journals and magazines, including: *Cordite*, *N/A*, *Action*, *Yes!*, *Matrix*, *filling Station*, *dANDelion*, *orange*, *TCR*, *Interim*, *West Coast Line*, and *Poetry is Dead*.

Helen Hajnoczky is the author of *Poets and Killers: A Life in Advertising* (Snare—Invisible Publishing, 2010), and *Magyarázni* (Coach House Books, forthcoming 2016). She is the winner of the 2015 John Lent Poetry-Prose Award.

Sheena Kalmakova's work is a blend of abstract and representational style, depicting both natural and urban scenes. She works in a variety of mediums, focusing mainly in acrylics. The scenes and subject matter she chooses to paint are those that she wants to spend time with, or those that have greatly affected her. Sheena has explained that, painting is her entry point and method for processing, reflecting, understanding, and connecting to her experiences. She feels that her paintings are the purest and her most articulate form of communicating these experiences with the outside world.

Sheena is currently working on a series called 'The Crows of Ottawa,' which blends her fascination of corvids, with her love of this city.

Sheena's website kalmakova.com

Karen Massey's poetry has appeared in numerous anthologies and print publications in Canada, the US and UK, and on the internet most recently at Bywords, The Found Poetry Review's PoMoSco project, *Inky Needles*, and several volumes of *Ottawater*. She lives in Ottawa, Canada, a short walk from where a 100-year-old vertical lift bridge spans the historic Rideau Canal.

Her second chapbook is *Strange Fits of Beauty & Light: Erasure Poems from Archibald Lampman's Sonnets* (above/ground press, 2014).

Biographies

Koji Nagai was born and raised in Hiroshima, Japan. He studied graphic design at Hiroshima Designer College. After working at several design companies, he became a freelance designer at age of twenty-four. Nagai earned a wide variety of awards from Hiroshima Advertising Association for his design works in posters, brochures, and calendars. At age of thirty-five, Nagai was attracted to the world of free spirit of the collage design. Nagai generates ideas for his collage arts based on his first impression of the materials. The interfusion of the different types of elements, which are old and new, fiction and nonfiction, life and death, and western and oriental leads to Nagai's new design creation of the collage arts. Nagai currently lives in Hiroshima with his partner, Naoko.

bruno neiva is a text artist and poet. Author of *Servant Drone* (w/ Paul Hawkins), *washing-up*, *averbaldraftsone&otherstories* and *dough*, amongst other titles.

Some of his work is featured on The PO.EX Digital Archive of Portuguese Experimental Poetry and in a number of international mags and anthologies.

bruno's ongoing projects include:

topoi: a collaboration with Canadian poet and artist Chris Turnbull that includes text, visual art and video production, as well as art installations.

The museum of boughs: an ongoing, itinerant museum dedicated to boughs, built on open-ended sets of intermedia installations.

Servant Drone, a collaborative poetry and performance project with poet Paul Hawkins.

website: brunoneiva.weebly.com

A graduate of Trent University and Ryerson University, **Philip Quinn** lives in Toronto and online at www.philipquinn.ca. Published Books: *Dis Location*, *Stories After the Flood* (Gutter Press 2000), *The Double*, a novel. (Gutter Press 2003), *The SubWay* (BookThug 2008), *The Skeleton Dance*, a novel (Anvil Press 2009). Philip is the author of *Bird, Most Likely* (DevilHouse, 2015).

hiromi suzuki is an illustrator, poet, and collage artist. Lives in Tokyo, Japan. A contributor of Japanese poetry magazine *gui* (Run by the members of Katsue Kitasono's "VOU"). Author of *Ms. cried 77 poems by hiromi suzuki* (kisaragi publishing, 2013). Her works are published internationally on *Otoliths*, *BlazeVOX*, *Empty Mirror* and *NationalPoetryMonth.ca* 2015.

hiromi suzuki's web site : hiromisuzukimicrojournal.tumblr.com.

Biographies

Carol White is an American collage artist living in Ireland. She has been making collages since childhood. Growing up in museums, both via her father's job and living in the metropolitan area, utilising imagery from arts and cultural histories, White's work has the feeling of time travel. Merging contemporary imagery with Northern Renaissance interiors with figures, she evokes a nebulous feeling of peeling oneself from a colorful dream.

White has taught English at Secondary Level in Ohio, USA; was an AAM tour guide at The Newark Museum where she worked as Head of Junior Gallery and Junior Museum Department. Museum Educator and teacher she transferred skills moving to Ireland with her husband and 2 children in 1987.

For the past 20 years, White taught at Further Education Level where she ran an Arts Administration course for 17 years and taught Art Appreciation, Collage Techniques and Communications.

A practicing collage artist, White has exhibited extensively in America, the EU, Japan, Canada and Australia.

Carol's web site is carolrwhite-62.tumblr.com

Ellen Wiener is a painter, printmaker and book artist whose work often combines text and imagery. In addition to traditional media, current work includes mural sized pages, walk through scrolls and the new publication, *Between Red & Green* with poetry by LB Thompson. Faculty appointments include State and City Universities of New York, Dartmouth and Princeton. Recently her work has been seen at Central Booking Gallery in NYC, Vanderbilt University, PS 1/MoMA, and The National Academy in NY. For further info please visit ellenwiener.com

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